

SEVEN
FAVOURITE
SONGS,
SCOTS AND ENGLISH.

BY
ROBERT BURNS,
PETER PINDAR,
AND OTHERS.

*It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
That cost contentment, peace, or pleasure;
The bands and blifs o' mutual love,
O that's the chiefest world's treasure!*

BURNS.

GLASGOW:
PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY
Brash & Reid.

BRAW LADS ON YARROW BRAES.

By ROBERT BURNS.

AIR.—GALLA WATER.

I.

BRAW, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
Ye wander through the blooming heather;
But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws,
Can match the lads o' Galla water.

II.

But there is ane, a secret ane,
Aboon them a' I loo him better:
And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
The bonnie lad o' Galla water.

III.

Although his daddie was nae laird,
And though I hae nae meikle tocher,
Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
We'll tent our flocks by Galla water.

IV.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure;
The bands and blifs o' mutual love,
O that's the chiefest warlds treasure!

ENGLISH VERSES,

TO THE SAME AIR,

BY THE HONOURABLE

ANDREW ERSKINE, OF KELLIE.

I.

MARY's charms subdued my breast,
Her glowing youth, her manner winning,
My faithful vows I fondly press'd,
And mark'd the sweet return beginning.

II.

Fancy kindly on my mind,
Yet paints that ev'ning's dear declining;
When raptur'd first I found her kind,
Her melting soul to love resigning.

III.

Years of nuptial bliss have roll'd,
And still I've found her more endearing:
Each wayward passion she controul'd,
Each anxious care, each sorrow chearing.

IV.

Children now in ruddy bloom,
With artless look attention courting,
Their infant smiles dispel each gloom,
Around our hut so gaily sporting.

GIN LIVING WORTH, &c.

AIR.—THE WAEFU' HEART.

I.

GIN living worth could win my heart,
You wou'd na' speak in vain;
But in the darksome grave it's laid,
Never to rife again.

II.

My wae fu' heart lies low wi' his,
Whose heart was only mine:
And oh! what a heart was that to lose;
But I maun no repine.

III.

Yet oh! gin heav'n in mercy soon
Would grant the boon I crave,
And take this life, now naething worth,
Sin Jamie's in his grave.

IV.

And see his gentle spirit comes
To shew me on my way,
Surpriz'd, nae doubt, I still am here
Sair wond'ring at my stay.

V.

I come, I come, my Jamie dear,
And oh! wi' what gude will
I follow, wherefo'er ye lead,
Ye canna lead to ill.

VI.

She said, and soon a deadly pale
 Her faded cheek possest,
 Her waefu' heart forgot to beat
 Her sorrow sunk to rest.

ENGLISH VERSES,

By PETER PINDAR, Esq.

AIR.—EWE-BUGHTS MARION.

I.

O MARIAN, so sweet are thy kisses,
 Thou shouldst not thy shepherd refuse.
 Behold! they are so many blisses,
 And nought, my dear girl, wilt thou lose.

II.

Those lips were created for pleasure,
 Then, wherefore, deny thy poor swain?
 Say, thou feelest the loss of the treasure,
 I'll give thee thy kisses again.

III.

Then, Marian, most cheerfully deal 'em,
 By such presents thou canst not be poor;
 So fruitful thy lips when I steal 'em,
 They quickly are cluster'd with more.

FAREWELL TO ELIZA.

By ROBERT BURNS.

AIR.—DONALD.

I.

FROM thee Eliza, I must go,
 And from my native shore:
 The cruel fates between us throw
 A boundless ocean's roar:

II.

But boundless oceans, roaring wide,
 Between my love and me,
 They never never can divide
 My heart and soul from thee.

III.

Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,
 The maid that I adore!
 A boding voice is in mine ear,
 We part to meet no more!

IV.

But the last throb that leaves my heart,
 While death stands victor by,
 That throb, Eliza, is thy part,
 And thine, that latest sigh!

A. AULD ROB MORRIS.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

I.

THERE'S auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen,
 He's the king o' gude fellows, and wale of auld men;
 He has gowd in his coffers, he has sheep, he has kine,
 And ae bonie lassie, his darling and mine.

II.

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May,
 She's sweet as the ev'ning amang the new hay;
 As blythe and as artless as the lambs on the lea,
 And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e.

III.

But Oh, she's an heirefs, auld Robin's a laird;
 And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard:
 A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed;
 The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead.

IV.

The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane;
 The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane:
 I wander my lane, like a night-troubled ghaist,
 And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.

V.

O had she but been of a lower degree,
 I then might hae hop'd she wad smil'd upon me!
 O, how past describing had then been my bliss,
 As now my distraction no words can express!

ENGLISH VERSES

TO THE FOREGOING AIR.

I.

THE nymph that undoes me is fair and unkind,
No less than a wonder by nature design'd;
She's the grief of my heart, and the joy of my eye,
And the cause of a flame that never can die.

II.

Her mouth, from whence wit obligingly flows,
Has the beautiful blush, and the smell of the rose:
Love and destiny both attend on her will;
She wounds with a look, with a frown she can kill,

III.

The desperate lover can hope no redress,
Where beauty and rigour are both in excess;
In Sylvia they meet: so unhappy am I,
Who sees her must love her, who loves her must die.



FINIS.